

F O R E V E R

# KNIGHT

*[Red scribble]*

*[Red checkmark]*

*Forever from  
Ann Bennett*

*Best wishes  
Kip  
Bennett*

Episode # 312

"Strings"

written by

Roy Sallows

SHOOTING DRAFT - PINK - October 17, 1995  
BLUE - October 20, 1995 - FULL SCRIPT  
GREEN - November 2, 1995 - FULL SCRIPT  
YELLOW - November 6, 1995 - PAGES: 14, 50, 51

John  
L. G. G.  
H. G.



## CAST

NICK KNIGHT  
TRACY VETTER  
NATALIE LAMBERT  
LACROIX  
CAPT. REESE  
CHRISTIE BLACK  
DR. BEN MCGEE  
MATTHEW NEARY  
CAPT. FORREST  
ROSE WOOLCOTT  
CSAR NICHOLAS  
CSARINA ALEXANDRA  
RASPUTIN

## SETS

INT. CAR  
INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT HALLWAY  
INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM  
INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM  
INT. RUSSIAN PALACE CORRIDOR - 1916  
INT. RUSSIAN PALACE PARLOUR  
INT. MCGEE'S HOUSE  
INT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE  
INT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM  
INT. PRECINCT - REESE'S OFFICE  
INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM  
INT. PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM  
INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN  
INT. MORGUE  
INT. THE CADDY  
INT. RAVEN - RADIO BOOTH  
INT. CORPORATE CRIME DIVISION HQ  
INT. ROSE'S OFFICE \*

EXT. STREET  
EXT. STREET - INTERSECTION  
EXT./INT. DRESS STORE WINDOW  
EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT  
EXT. MCGEE'S HOUSE  
EXT. STREET  
EXT. PRECINCT  
EXT. STREETS - CADDY DRIVE-BY (STOCK)  
EXT. MCGEE'S STREET  
EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS  
EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET  
EXT. ASTLEY PARK (or TBA LOCATION)



STRINGS

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

1

A quiet neighborhood; the main street lined with small shops, the side streets, residential. It's late, no one around, except the people on a bus coming toward us. It lumbers to a stop just short of an intersection.

The doors open, and a woman in her mid-fifties gets off the bus. The woman looks around, then starts walking along the sidewalk as the bus pulls away.

We TRACK WITH her, ANGLING PAST her TO INCLUDE the main street beyond. The woman, alone on a deserted street, glances around, a bit on edge.

CAMERA ADJUSTS, REVEALS a car parked across the street. There is someone, a shape in the darkness, in the car, sitting motionless behind the wheel.

The woman arrives at a corner, starts to cross the street.

In the b.g., the car starts, the headlights come on.

The woman looks over to the car... aware of it, but not unduly alarmed.

2 INT. CAR - NIGHT - DRIVER'S POV

2

Looking out to the woman. Then, with a roar, the motor suddenly races, and the car leaps ahead.

3 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

3

The woman stops, a head-snap to the car, which accelerates right at her.

INTERCUTTING WITH:

CLOSE ON - The woman as the headlights flood her face.

DRIVER'S POV - as the car bears down on the woman. At the last second...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The woman throws herself out of the car's path. As she rolls, the driver slams on the brakes, pulls a 180, bringing the car to bear on the woman...

\*

(CONTINUED)



## 3 CONTINUED:

3

The woman struggles to her feet, terrified, shaken... she runs toward a section of storefronts. The car races accelerates, heading right for her.

## 3A EXT. DRESS STORE - CONTINUOUS

3A

The woman stops, turns to face the on-rushing car. She's a deer caught in the headlights - frozen with fear.

## 4 TIGHT ON THE CAR

4

As it races through frame, and we HEAR a brutal thud, and the woman vanishes from sight as the car races right into our laps.

## 5 EXT. DRESS STORE - NIGHT

5

CLOSE ON a plate glass window. SLO-MO As the woman flies toward, and through, the window.

## 6 EXT./INT. DRESS STORE WINDOW - NIGHT

6

SLO-MO As the woman smashes through the plate glass, and bounces amid the display (mannequins in various attire).

BACK TO SCENE

As we return to normal speed, the woman lies motionless amid carnage. We see her eyes flutter open... Glass tinkles down all around her.

## 7 ON THE CAR

7

For a long moment, there is silence. Then, the driver's door opens. We can't see any details about the person who gets out. All there is, is a dark shape. The figure walks slowly forward.

The figure stops near the o.s. window, looking at the scene for several seconds. Then, slowly, a gloved hand comes up into view. There is a small .32 automatic in the hand, with a silencer attached. As the figure takes aim, we:

FADE OUT

## 8 OMITTED

8\*

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9 EXT. DRESS STORE - NIGHT

9

CAMERA PANS away from the now bodyless store window to find:

The emergency crews have set up a barricade near the abandoned car which still sits on the sidewalk. Yellow tape is strung around. Nick and Tracy look into the driver's compartment. Nick spots the ignition wires hanging out the steering column. Tracy is checking the door.

NICK

...punched the ignition.

TRACY

Probably popped the lock. I'll talk to vehicle theft when we get back to the shop.

They move towards Nat, who is stepping away from the body as it is zipped up in a body bag. Tracy's cellphone rings. She pops it open.

\*  
\*

TRACY

(into phone)  
Vetter.

She stops as Nick continues on toward Nat.

TRACY

(an annoyed tone)  
...Dad, I'm working... What? You can't... You should have asked...  
Dad.

Nick has arrived beside Nat, but they're both listening to Tracy's side of the conversation.

NATALIE

Uh-oh... Trouble at home.

TRACY

(into phone)  
No.  
(pause)  
No!  
(looks around)  
Dad, I have to go... No, I will, I promise.

She closes the phone, not happy at all. Nick and Nat look off toward the body/gurney as a distracted Tracy steps up.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



9 CONTINUED:

9

NATALIE

(to Nick)

...uh, name was Helen Neary.

(re: a uniform at a computer  
console in a cruiser)

Greer's checking for next of kin.

NICK

She die on impact?

NATALIE

Actually, I doubt it. She was shot.

NICK

(surprised)

Shot?

NATALIE

Five bullets into her torso. Small  
caliber, maybe a .32. No exit wounds,  
so we'll probably be able to match the  
recoveries... assuming you find a  
weapon.

TRACY

They take anything?

NATALIE

Don't think so.

She reaches down, picks up a plastic bag containing the  
woman's purse, hands it to Nick, who nudges it open through  
the plastic.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Cash, credit cards...

NICK

Nothing seems to be missing.

Tracy glances to the window, puzzled.

TRACY

This looks a little like a hit. \*

NICK

Yeah. But how many hired killer's do  
we know who soften up their victims by  
ramming them with a car first? \*

Off their reactions, go to:



10 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - WALK\TALK - MOMENTS LATER

10

Nick and Tracy head for the Caddy.

TRACY

What do you know about Corporate Crime Division?

NICK

(shrugs)  
White collar, suits and expense accounts. A good place to advance.

TRACY

Would you go there? If they offered you a transfer?

NICK

Is that what that phone call from your father was about? A transfer?

She doesn't answer which Nick takes as a "Yes".

NICK

Are you interested?

TRACY

I don't know. I like it out here. But Corporate is a fast track. It's a good career move. ...I don't know.

NICK

Why not?

TRACY

Because I want to earn it. I don't want to get it because my father pulled some strings.

NICK

It's not a crime to have friends in high places.

TRACY

(shakes her head)  
...He's always done this. A phone call to the principal, the dean, the academy board... I never asked him to help me. Not once. But I feel like my whole life has been orchestrated. From day one.

\*

They've arrived at the Caddy.

NICK

So don't take the transfer.

(CONTINUED)



10 CONTINUED:

10

TRACY

It's not that easy. He's got this...  
he makes you feel like if you don't  
agree with him, you're letting him and  
the whole family down.

NICK

I think you have to do what's right  
for you, no matter what.

TRACY

Easy for you to say.

She gets into the car. Nick thinks about it.

NICK

No, it isn't.

He gets into the car, and go to:

\*

11 EXT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (2ND UNIT)

11

The Caddy is parked out front.

12 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

12

Nick and Tracy walk along the hallway, Nick is checking a  
notebook.

NICK

Is the son the only next of kin we  
have?

\*

\*

TRACY

There's a daughter, but records is  
having trouble tracking her down.

\*

Nick indicates an apartment.

TRACY (cont'd)

I hate this... notifications...

NICK

Everyone does.

He knocks. They stand and wait for several seconds. Nick  
knocks again.

NICK

Matthew Neary?

MATTHEW (o.s.)

Yeah - what?

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED:

12

NICK

Police officers. Could you open the door, please, sir?

There is a noise from inside the apartment, sounds like maybe someone's knocked over a lamp. We HEAR it smash. Tracy draws her gun, turns the knob. Locked.

TRACY

(low, to Nick)

Just because he's her son doesn't mean he didn't pull the trigger.

Nick listens at the door, then draws back his foot, kicks the door, right beside the lock, the way you are supposed to. Tracy takes up a proper position, able to cover Nick in case of trouble.

13 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

13

The door slams open, and Nick comes in, covering the living room. Tracy wheels in behind him, covering. Together, they make their way deeper into the apartment.

Nick covers Tracy as she checks the kitchen, then starts down a hallway. They leapfrog from door to door, room to room, using good technique. Finally, at the end of the hall, they confront the last door - the last place Matthew could be. Tracy does the door, Nick does the entry.

14 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

The window gapes open. Nick and Tracy check the window.

14A ANOTHER ANGLE - POV (2ND UNIT)

14A

The fire escape beyond provides mute testimony as to where Matthew has gone. (NOTE: This can play as a ground floor apartment, too, in which case, we simply see the deserted alley leading to a nearby street). The alley below is clear, in both directions. And the city yawns beyond.

14B BACK TO SCENE

14B

Nick and Tracy lean back into the apartment, frustrated. Nick can't vamp and give chase because Tracy is there.

TRACY

Damn.

(CONTINUED)



14B CONTINUED:

14B

NICK

Well, since we're here let's have ourselves an informal look see.

Tracy nods. They begin searching through the room. As they do, Tracy's cell phone goes off. Nick looks to her...

\*

TRACY

...Sorry. I thought I turned it off.

\*

No harm, no foul. Nick nods. Tracy has a pretty good idea who's calling. She snaps her phone open.

\*

TRACY

(into phone)

Vetter. ...I can't talk, now, Dad. ...Because I'm on duty, like the last time. ...No I haven't made up my mind. Yes, I know what you think... Look Dad, I am capable of running my own life.

\*

Nick hears this... Remembers... and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. - RUSSIAN PALACE CORRIDOR (1916) - NIGHT

15

HIDDEN POV as a Palace Guard walks briskly down the dimly lit corridor. As the Guard approaches the POV recedes further into the shadows of a pillar. The Guard passes and we REVEAL

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nick and CSAR NICHOLAS II standing in the shadows, talking in hushed, troubled tones. Once the guard is out of earshot, they resume their conversation.

NICHOLAS

It's the monk... Rasputin. The Csarina will do nothing without his consent.

NICK

But how can this be?

NICHOLAS

It is through our son... Alexi grows weaker every day... and Alexandra is convinced that the monk is the only person who can help him.

(beat)

He seems to control her every thought. Her mind is... clouded.

(CONTINUED)



15 CONTINUED:

15

NICHOLAS

Rumours have spread to the people that she has gone mad. Though I know it is Rasputin's influence, not madness.

They hush up as a maid passes.

NICK

What can I do?

NICHOLAS

It is said that a friend gained at the gaming table is the truest a man can find. I need such a friend now, Nickolai.

(beat)

Yifimovich has ambition.

\*  
\*

Approaching voices can be heard. The Csar listens.

NICHOLAS

It is her. With him.

He steps out into the light as a powerful, beautiful woman rounds a corner into the hallway. She is ALEXANDRA FYODOROVA, the Czarina. She looks somewhat surprised to see them. Rasputin stops dead in his tracks, retreats into the shadows.

NICHOLAS

Ready to retire for the evening, my dear?

ALEXANDRA

(edgy)

What are you doing here?

(she sees Nick)

Ahh Nicholai... discussing past exploits at the gaming table, no doubt?

NICHOLAS

(an edge)

We weren't actually.

(looking past her)

Is that Yifimovich lurking in the shadows?

(before she can answer)

Nickolai, meet Rasputin... the so-called monk my wife thinks will cure our son.

(CONTINUED)



15 CONTINUED:

15

Rasputin reluctantly steps out of the shadows. We see a spare, filthy figure, with long, matted hair and beard, dark eyes burning under heavy brows, wearing a tattered brown robe.

Unseen by Nicholas or Alexandra, who are blocked by Nick's back, Nick and the monk come face to face and Rasputin's eyes briefly glow yellow (NOTE: A post-production SFX). Nick reacts in surprise and we return to...

16 INT. MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

16\*

Nick comes out of his memory as Tracy closes her cell phone, her annoyance replaced by a look of curiosity as she reads a letter on a nearby desk.

TRACY  
... there's a letter... it's from  
Christie Black...  
(surprising news as she  
reads)  
She's Neary's sister.

That means something to her, little to Nick.

NICK  
Christie who?

\*

TRACY  
Christie Black... the singer?

NICK  
(a shrug)  
Is there a return address?

She flips the letter over and we cut to:

17 EXT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

17

A rambling mansion in the heart of Rosedale perhaps. The Caddy pulls to the curb, and Nick and Tracy get out, head for the front door.

18 EXT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

18

Nick knocks at the door. Beat, then the door opens. Dr. BEN MCGEE stands there, suave, intent.

MCGEE  
Yes?

(CONTINUED)



18 CONTINUED:

18

NICK  
I'm detective Knight, this is  
detective Vetter... we'd like to speak  
to Christie Black?

McGee darts a glance into the living room, eases out of the  
house, quietly closes the door behind him.

MCGEE  
How did you know she was here?

TRACY  
We, uh, found out through her  
brother. \*

MCGEE  
(a frown)  
Look... whatever it is, you can  
discuss it with me... \*

NICK  
And you are?

MCGEE  
Dr. Ben McGee. I'm Ms. Black's  
therapist.  
(off their uncomprehending  
looks)  
Psychotherapist, actually.

NICK  
Live in?

MCGEE  
Well it's my home actually. It also  
serves as a clinic. Christie's case  
requires constant supervision.

NICK  
(to McGee)  
What's wrong with her? \*

TRACY  
(recalling)  
Drugs, wasn't it?

MCGEE  
(annoyed)  
Please. I'm trying to rebuild her  
life at the moment. \*

TRACY  
We have to speak with her. It's very  
important.

(CONTINUED)



18 CONTINUED:

18

McGee dithers a moment, then nods.

MCGEE

I'll just...

He goes in the door. Nick and Tracy stand in the doorway, peer in.

THEIR POV

as McGee walks across the living room. They see CHRISTIE BLACK, slender, attractive, lying on a chaise, looking at a TV which is showing home-video clips of a woman we shall come to know as ROSE WOOLCOTT. Christie is wearing headphones, staring at the screen.

There are vials and hypos beside the chaise. She has been shot up with juice.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick vamphears the music coming over the headphones as McGee shuts off the VCR and the amplifier, and bends over, talks quietly to Christie. She sits up, turns to look at the door, stares at them, motionless. McGee waves them in.

19 INT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

19

Nick and Tracy come in. Christie stares at them expressionlessly. McGee is standing protectively near her.

NICK

Ms. Black...

She looks up at McGee.

MCGEE

(to Christie)

It's alright.

CHRISTIE

(to Nick)

Yes.

MCGEE

Sit up, Christie.

Christie does as ordered. Nick and Tracy notice.

TRACY

Ms. Black... your mother is Helen Neary?

(CONTINUED)



19 CONTINUED:

19

CHRISTIE

Yes.

NICK

There's been an accident...

Christie looks away. McGee sits beside her.

MCGEE

Pay attention, now, Christie. You  
listen to the detective.

Christie nods, looks toward Nick and Tracy.

NICK

She was killed. I'm sorry.

Christie nods. The nodding turns into something compulsive,  
like rocking. McGee reaches out, touches her shoulder. She  
stops immediately.

MCGEE

That's enough, Christie.  
(pause, then to Nick and  
Tracy)  
Is there anything else?\*  
\*

TRACY

Miss Black, do you know any reason  
your brother might... not want to talk  
to the police?

\*

Christie looks at McGee, who nods. Christie looks back at  
them. Shakes her head. Then:

CHRISTIE

(to McGee)  
...Can I go get some water?

MCGEE

Of course. Don't be long.

She gets up, stops in the doorway, turns back to them.

CHRISTIE

... my mother... how...

Nick knows to keep the murder aspect out of this for  
Christie's sake.

NICK

It was a hit and run.

Christie nods, but it's as if she's not all there. Then she  
exits.

(CONTINUED)



19 CONTINUED:

19

Nick and Tracy are affected by Christie's sad condition.

TRACY

(to McGee)

If I remember correctly this whole drug thing started after her boyfriend committed suicide. Shot himself to death...

(trying to remember)

...at Pier Five?

\*

MCGEE

(nods, then:)

Gary Wilton. But she would have gone over the edge without that. A classic case of co-dependency. They'd both hit rock bottom together.

(shakes his head)

Heroin. Cocaine. You name it.

(beat)

Fortunately, she's made good progress.

She's beginning to come back to life.

I just hope a shock like this...

(beat)

Poor Helen. Any leads on the driver?

NICK

No. And uh...

(a glance o.s. to make sure

Christie's not within range)

In point of fact... Mrs. Neary was murdered.

On McGee for his startled reaction. Then he looks rather concernedly, at the door through which Christie vanished.

MCGEE

She shouldn't be this long...

He gets up, goes to and through the door. Beat, then he bursts back into the living room.

MCGEE

She's gone. The door's open.

NICK

She can't be too far away.

He runs to the front door and runs out. Nick and Tracy follow.



20 EXT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

20

McGee runs into the street looking up, down, around, frantic.  
Nick and Tracy run out.

NICK

That way. Tracy, go with him...

MCGEE

We have to find her. She's not  
equipped to deal with something like  
this...

McGee grabs Tracy's arm, frantic, tugs her down the street.  
Tracy looks at Nick, follows McGee. Nick turns, vamphears  
her mumbling a mantra to herself.

CHRISTIE (o.s.)

Centre yourself, Christie. Centre  
yourself.

\*

Nick pinpoints the source, whooshes out.

21 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

21

Christie is walking along a street. Her face is absolutely  
expressionless, but her cheeks are wet with tears.

CHRISTIE

(sotto)

...Centre yourself...

\*  
\*  
\*

She stops near the edge of the road... we HEAR a car  
approaching... CAMERA ADJUSTS, we see the car's headlights...  
Could these be from the car in the tease that killed her  
mother? The car gets closer and closer. Then, as it is  
almost upon her, she begins to step in front of it, and:

WHOOSH - Nick arrives, snatching Christie back from the  
oncoming car.

The car whizzes by, the driver angrily slamming on his horn.  
Nick holds Christie in his arms.

Christie, held in Nick's arms, looks up at him, eyes filled  
with tears. And we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

21A

Christie, in Nick's arms, looks at him, for the first time there is a touch of lucidity in her eyes.

\*  
\*

CHRISTIE

What happened?

NICK

Are you alright?

CHRISTIE

I don't know. I... I shouldn't have done that.

NICK

(trying to calm her)  
It's okay.

CHRISTIE

What was I thinking?

NICK

Just take it easy.

\*

Tracy and McGee run up. Christie's behaviour changes slightly, she seems to go into automatic mode again as Nick turns her toward McGee.

MCGEE

Is she okay?

NICK

Yes.

CHRISTIE

(to McGee)

I'm sorry. Please help me. I don't know what to do.

MCGEE

That's okay, Christie. Let's get you inside.

McGee leads her o.s. Tracy and Nick watch them go... ON NICK, his expression, and we go to:

22 EXT. PRECINCT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (STOCK)

22

NICK (v.o.)

We ran Micheal Neary through CPIC.



23 INT. REESE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

23

Nick, Tracy and Reese. Nick is handing a rap sheet to Reese, who sits at his desk.

TRACY

He's got a few petty thefts, couple of possession charges, did six months on the last one in '93.

REESE

(off the rap sheet)

...They got him for Cocaine. Think he was into heroin, too. Like sister like brother.

(beat)

Maybe mom was cutting back his allowance and he decided to do something about it, who knows? You got an APB out?

NICK

Yeah.

REESE

Alright. Now, what was the sister's name, again?

TRACY

Christie Black... the singer.

REESE

Unless she sings the anthems at hockey games I don't know her.

(beat, to Nick)

You sure about leaving her at McGee's house?

NICK

It's a clinic. She doesn't need to be locked up. She's got her doctor right there.

REESE

Your call.

(pause, to Nick)

Ah... maybe you'd better start working up the reports?

Nick looks at him, then turns for the door. Tracy starts to leave, Reese puts out his hand, stops her. She looks at him, then at Nick. Nick has a feeling he knows what this is about, leaves, closes the door behind him. Reese looks at Tracy with a carefully neutral expression.

(CONTINUED)



23 CONTINUED:

23

REESE

Now... detective Vetter... I got a phone call...

TRACY

Don't tell me. It was from my father.

REESE

He informed me you were transferring off my watch. Working under Captain Forrest at Corporate Crime.

\*

TRACY

I don't know what to tell you. None of this was my idea.

\*

\*

Reese reacts... he's got the full picture, now.

REESE

(beat, then:)

Okay. I know how that goes. But you should have told me it was in the wind.

Tracy nods, chagrinned, angry.

TRACY

I haven't agreed to take the transfer, yet. But apparently my father's telling everyone it's a done deal. I mean career wise it's...

REESE

(answers for her)

...a smart move.

TRACY

Maybe. But the more my father keeps pushing this, the more I don't want to do it.

REESE

Look, I know he's put you in a tough spot. But I don't want anyone on my watch who's here to prove a point. You're here because you want to be. Or you move on. And that's it.

Off Tracy's reaction, go to:

24 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

24

CLOSE ON a small plastic bag containing five small lead slugs, WIDEN TO REVEAL Nat as she picks up the bag.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED:

24

Nick is next to her.

NATALIE

Helen Neary might have lived if she had good field care and a great surgeon. But the five shots into her chest more than settled the issue. .32 automatic.

She drops the bag into his hand, moves toward her desk. He studies the bag's contents a moment, then:

NICK

Have you heard of a psychiatrist named McGee?

NATALIE

Ben McGee? Oh yeah.

NICK

What's that... disapproval?

NATALIE

More like caution. Some people call him a miracle worker. He treats high-profile cases. Rich ones. If you have enough money, you aren't crazy, you're eccentric. Why do you ask?

NICK

Met him tonight. He's treating Helen Neary's daughter. Christie Black? The singer.  
(off Nat's blank expression)  
Me, neither.

NATALIE

You think they're involved in the murder somehow?

NICK

Actually, we're looking for Helen Neary's son. Matthew.

\*

Nat reacts, shakes her head.

NATALIE

...Charming.  
(beat, then)  
McGee's a whiz on hypnotherapy and chemical conditioning. It's a classic behaviouristic approach.

\*

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED:

24

NICK

You're not a fan?

NATALIE

It's the elevator controversy. Say you have a patient with a fear of closed spaces, he can't ride on an elevator. One school says treat the fear of closed spaces and its underlying causes, and then he can ride the elevator. The other side, McGee's side, says get him used to closed spaces, so he can ride the elevator, and the fear doesn't matter. One way, you treat the disease, the other way, you treat the symptom. I'm a treat-the-disease kind of person.

NICK

Part of your charm... but he gets results.

NATALIE

Oh, no question... and probably faster too. I'm just not comfortable with leaving the original fear there, waiting to come out in compulsive behaviours.

(pause)

And he does take over his patients' lives.

Nick reacts, remembering, and we FLASHBACK TO:

25 INT. RUSSIAN PALACE PARLOUR - NIGHT

25

CLOSE ON a small, exquisite porcelain Cossack doll. PULL BACK to REVEAL Nick handing the doll to Alexandra.

The parlour is well appointed, regal in great detail. Alexandra is seated at the table. Two young, armed officers stand guard at the door. Alexandra smiles at the doll, delighted...

ALEXANDRA

Absolutely exquisite.

NICK

For Anastasia. I saw it in a small shop in Covent Garden.

(CONTINUED)



25 CONTINUED:

25

ALEXANDRA

You're so thoughtful, Nicholai.

(a troubled look)

We are grateful for your friendship.

NICK

(off her look)

I didn't mean to sadden you with this gift.

ALEXANDRA

Of course not.

(she steps away, troubled)

But of late, I am often stricken with melancholy. I don't know the cause.

...So many things.

(beat)

The world is no longer the world I knew. I fear for our survival.

NICK

(pause)

Alexandra... if I may... The monk...

ALEXANDRA

(she won't hear of this)

Rasputin is my trusted confident. He is a holy man. Do not speak ill of him. My son has been sick for months. Yifimovich is the only one who can help him.

NICK

This sickness... tell me. Is Alexi weak... pale?

ALEXANDRA

Yes. Terribly.

NICK

His bones ache, he has fevers... bright lights hurt his eyes... he is always thirsty...

ALEXANDRA

(slightly taken aback)

Yes. Yes... How did you know?

NICK

I am familiar with the ailment.

ALEXANDRA

This disease... is there a cure?

(CONTINUED)



25 CONTINUED:

25

NICK

Yes. But not beyond a certain point.  
Highness... Rasputin's treatments will  
not save your son.

But before she can respond...

RASPUTIN (o.s.)

Without me, he would already be dead.

\*

They turn as CAMERA ADJUSTS to REVEAL Rasputin, standing in  
an entrance area across the room. His eyes are fixed on  
Nick.

NICK

\*

(to Alexandra)

If Alexi is to be cured, it must be  
done now.

RASPUTIN

And you would cure him?

NICK

If the Csarina wishes...

RASPUTIN

Then we should ask her.

It is a challenge which Nick accepts. Rasputin reaches out,  
touches Alexandra. His pours on the whammy.

RASPUTIN

No one can help him but me. You are  
right to resist outsiders who try to  
steal your son.

Nick countermeasures with his own whammy.

NICK

(re: Rasputin)

Examine his motives, your Highness.  
He would use your son's sickness to  
gain control over you. Can you not  
feel the hold he has on you?

RASPUTIN

(re: Nick)

He lies... his is an evil soul. I  
am the salvation of Alexi.

Alexandra is reeling from the intensity of the conflict being  
waged for her will.

(CONTINUED)



25 CONTINUED:

25

NICK

Highness, I can help Alexi...

\*

She shudders, Rasputin's will dominating her.

ALEXANDRA

... no. No. Yifimovich... is the  
only one. Any who oppose him must  
die.

\*

Nick looks at Alexandra, knowing that he cannot win, not  
here, not now. He bows, takes Alexandra's hand, to kiss it.  
It is not her fault.

NICK

Ever your servant, Highness...

He turns, exits through a door held open for him by a guard.  
Alexandra turns to Rasputin, puts her hand on his arm. The  
guards look at them, grimly. And we go to:

26 INT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Christie is sitting on the chaise, her face screwed into a  
mask. She is, and has been, crying. She is ashamed, angry,  
cowed, desperately sad. McGee is standing in front of her,  
berating her.

MCGEE

What were you thinking? Did you think  
killing yourself would make it all  
better?She doesn't answer. He grabs her, shakes her. This is an  
angry man.

MCGEE (cont'd)

I asked you a question.

CHRISTIE

My mother is dead... I loved her.  
I need her.

MCGEE

No. The only person you need right  
now is you. Accidents happen. Life  
goes on. But you? Your solution is  
to kill yourself? You're saying you  
give up, that you're weak.

(pause)

Is that what you're saying, Christie?

She is sobbing, brow beaten to within an inch of her mind.

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED:

26

CHRISTIE

Yes...

McGee stops shaking her, drastically softens his tone.

MCGEE

That's not you, Christie. You're not weak.

She looks up at him.

MCGEE (cont'd)

All you've been through, all the work, the pain, that's not something a weak person could go through, is it?

His voice has become supportive, caressing.

CHRISTIE

...No.

MCGEE

And you're getting better. No one can take that away from you, can they?

CHRISTIE

...No.

MCGEE

Because you're strong. Say it.

CHRISTIE

...Strong.

MCGEE

Again.

CHRISTIE

Strong.

MCGEE

Loud.

CHRISTIE

Strong!

MCGEE

Strong enough to do what you have to do to survive?

CHRISTIE

Yes.

McGee looks at her, her face animated, focussed, alive again.

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED:

26

MCGEE

...And more than that. You know why I'm hard on you, don't you?

CHRISTIE

Because I'm strong enough to take it.

MCGEE

(a pleased smile)

Right. Now, centre yourself... and let's get back to it.

\*  
\*

Christie looks at him, flushed with enthusiasm. However harsh the technique, the results seem impressive. McGee moves over to the entertainment centre, and starts turning on the TV and VCR. And we go to:

27 EXT. STREET - CADDY DRIVE-BY - NIGHT (STOCK)

27

The caddy drives by.

28 INT. THE CADDY - NIGHT

28

Nick and Tracy. Nick notes Tracy's silent stare out the window.

NICK

...Your father call again?

\*  
\*

TRACY

He might as well have. He's talked to everybody else.

NICK

Why don't you just tell him that you need some time to think about the transfer?

\*

TRACY

Because he'll tell me how much time to take.

NICK

There's no reasoning with him?

TRACY

How can you reason with someone who thinks they're always right? Sooner or later you give up and do what they want.

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED:

28

TRACY

(beat)

People need to run their own lives.  
If you don't it's as if... as if part  
of you goes a little crazy.  
...Maybe that's why I always used to  
go to him for advice. I couldn't make  
decisions because he never let me  
learn how.

\*

She shakes her head, looks off out the window again. Nick  
decides it's probably a good time to say nothing, and we go  
to:

29 INT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Nick and Tracy are seated in McGee's living room. McGee sets  
a tray of coffee down for them, which they ignore.

MCGEE

I'll do what I can, but you must  
realize I can't jeopardize Christie's  
recovery in any way.

NICK

We're not asking you to. The problem  
is the only next of kin we have on  
Helen Neary are Matthew and Christie.

\*

TRACY

He won't talk to us and she can't.  
We're hoping you can provide us with  
something to go on.

MCGEE

Well, there's not much to say about  
Helen. Quite an unremarkable woman  
really. Christie had an ambivalent  
relationship with her.

TRACY

How about the brother?

MCGEE

Matthew was a problem. He and Helen  
fought a lot. And there was his  
substance abuse. Poor Christie was  
always caught in the middle.

(beat)

Matthew won't talk to you...?

\*

TRACY

You say Matthew and his mother fought.  
...Was there physical violence?

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)



29 CONTINUED:

29

MCGEE

(a surprised reaction)  
He's a suspect? ...But he couldn't...  
I know Matthew and he's not a  
killer. And his own mother? I  
can't believe that.

\*

NICK

There may be a motive you're unaware  
of.

\*

McGee moves around generally, working this through for a  
moment, then:

MCGEE

If it does turn out that Matthew  
killed Helen... I have to do  
everything possible to keep that from  
Christie. Can I have your word that  
you'll help me do that?

NICK

We'll do what we can.

\*

TRACY

How is Christie?

MCGEE

Overall? I'm optimistic. Of course  
the news of her mother's death...  
well, you saw her reaction. But I  
think I helped her work through some  
of the grief in our session last  
night.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NICK

Doctor... about that. Your methods, I  
mean...

\*  
\*  
\*

MCGEE

(stopping him, smiling)  
I know what you're going to say. My  
treatment technique has troubled you.

NICK

Well, yes.

MCGEE

I've heard it many times. All I can  
say, Detective, is that it gets  
results.

(CONTINUED)



29 CONTINUED:

29

They are interrupted by the doorbell. McGee gets up to answer it.

MC GEE (cont'd)  
Excuse me, I'm expecting some  
deliveries.

He moves off. Nick rises, moves to look over the videotapes. A moment passes, then:

TRACY  
Nick... I think I'm going to take the transfer.

Nick is about to say something but is interrupted by a raised voice coming from the entranceway.

                  MCGEE (distant, o.s.)  
Get out of here, Matthew.

The voice is cut short by the sound of a gunshot. Nick and Tracy are instantly on the run. They bolt out of the room.

30 INT. ENTRANCE - CONT

30

As Nick and Tracy run into frame, McGee stands up against the opened door, in shock.

TRACY  
Are you hit?

MCGEE  
(shakes his head)  
No. I'm okay. It was Matthew.

Nick looks past McGee, sees Matthew running towards a motorbike.

NICK  
Get him inside and call it in.

Tracy leads McGee back inside. We HEAR the o.s. SOUND of the bike starting up. Nick WHOOSHES o.s. and:

31 EXT. MCGEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31\*

Matthew is an instant away from blasting off, but... WHOOSH. Matthew looks up to see Nick all but two feet directly in front of him.

ON NICK... for his "you're not going anywhere" look. Nick reaches down and turns off the ignition, never takes his eyes off Matthew. Then:

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED:

31

NICK

...Police.

Matthew removes his crash helmet, throws it o.s. in disgust,  
shakes his head... He's obviously drunk.

MATTHEW

The bastard's messing with my sister's  
head. He's screwin around with her  
brain. Get it? You don't know what's  
happening.

NICK

I know all I need to know. You're  
under arrest.

On Neary, we:

32  
THRU OMITTED  
33

32\*  
THRU  
33\*

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

34

Nick and Tracy interrogate a disheveled looking Matthew Neary - Mid-20's, dissolute and hung over. He sips on a coffee. Tracy sits opposite and Nick prowls the room, reading a file.

MATTHEW

(shaking his head)

I wasn't trying to shoot him. Look, I'd had a few beers, and I just wanted to let him know that I meant business.

NICK

And what business is that?

MATTHEW

I don't like the way he's treating my sister.

TRACY

You mean the fact that he's practically saved her life.

MATTHEW

Any drug rehab clinic could do that as far as I'm concerned. Hell, I'm proof of that. I've been clean for two years now.

(off their looks)

...Well... except for tonight, maybe.

NICK

So what's your objection?

MATTHEW

Christie isn't Christie anymore.

TRACY

Judging by her past that may be a good thing.

MATTHEW

She's not anyone any more. She's like a blank... under his complete control.

\*

Nick and Tracy exchange a look. Nick shifts tack.

NICK

Tell us about your mother?

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED:

34

TRACY

When was the last time you spoke to her?

MATTHEW

(shrugs)

I dunno... in the last year.

NICK

We've heard you two didn't get along. Had a lot of fights.

MATTHEW

What... you analysing me now?

NICK

Your mother's dead.

Neary is suddenly completely sober. He looks up at them, a shocked expression.

MATTHEW

...What?

TRACY

Murdered.

Tracy and Nick watch his reaction like hawks. Neary's eyes well up... he stares off, his reaction building... he starts to shake his head slowly.

MATTHEW

What happened...?

NICK

We were hoping you could tell us.

Neary studies them and it begins to dawn on him that they're thinking he might have done it.

MATTHEW

You think its me? She's my mother for godsake.

He puts a hand to his face as he starts to cry.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

...I swear I didn't even know.

Nick and Tracy exchange another look... he's a damn good actor if that's what this is. Then:

TRACY

We went to your apartment to notify you last night. Why did you run?

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED:

34

MATTHEW

I... I uhh...  
(it doesn't matter, now)  
I was holding.

NICK

You said you were clean.

MATTHEW

Hey, clean's relative... It was just a  
little grass.  
(beat)  
Does Christie know that mom was  
murdered?

NICK

Not yet. Dr. McGee feels now's not  
the time to tell her.

Neary can't help an ironic chuckle through the tears.

MATTHEW

Might be the first time I even agreed  
with him.

His hands converge on his face and he sobs into them.

Nick motions Tracy to follow him. They exit.

35 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

35

Reese is reading a piece of paper that has just been handed  
to him by a uniform as Nick and Tracy enter. He pockets the  
paper and turns to them, indicating Neary.

REESE

What's your take?

TRACY

I'm not sure I buy his excuse for  
running.

REESE

Well, we're still a few pieces of  
evidence away from guilty. But we can  
hold him on the weapons charge.  
(a look to Neary, then:)  
Kinda messed up to pull together an  
act like that, wouldn't you say?

NICK

I think we've got to tell Christie her  
mother was murdered.

(CONTINUED)



35 CONTINUED:

35

NICK

McGee won't like it but she's the only one we haven't really talked to.

REESE

(beat)

Okay. I'll get the crown attorney on the horn to hold the brother.

Nick and Tracy are about to leave when Reese stops them.

REESE (cont'd)

Oh, one other thing... while I've got you both here. Uhm... Tracy, I just got word that your father has put your transfer through. You start in Corporate Crime first thing tomorrow night.

\*  
\*

Tracy looks at him... surprising him with her lack of reaction.

REESE (cont'd)

You knew?

TRACY

I'd um... kind of accepted the inevitable.

REESE

...I'll be sorry to lose you. Who knows, you might like it there.

\*

TRACY

Yeah. Thanks, Captain.

REESE

Look, shift's over. Go home, report to Corporate tomorrow, see how it goes. Okay?

Tracy nods, trying to overcome the dejection that is creeping in. On Nick and Reese's exchanged looks.

36 EXT. STREETS - CADDY DRIVE-BY - NIGHT (STOCK)

36

37 INT. CADDY - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

37

As Nick heads home listening to his favourite all night bogeyman.

LACROIX (v.o.)

I know what you're thinking.

INTERCUT WITH:



38 INT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

38

Lacroix works his way into Nick's mind.

LACROIX

You're thinking about the past, and asking yourself, "How did I get here?" And when you think about it, you realize that you really had no say in the matter at all. Funny, isn't it? You've really just bobbed along on the eddies and currents of life like flotsam... subject to the whim of everyone and everything but yourself. Bumping through history.

ON NICK, as we FLASHBACK TO:

39 INT. RUSSIAN PARLOUR ROOM - NIGHT

39

Nick enters, sees Rasputin standing there, staring ahead blankly.

NICK

What do you want, why did you summon me?

RASPUTIN

(very calmly)

It wasn't me.

Nick reacts... sensing:

LACROIX (v.o)

Bumping through history again, Nicholas?

Lacroix steps out from shadow.

LACROIX (cont'd)

Here to see a revolution in the making?

NICK

What are you doing here?

LACROIX

I'm never far from my acolytes. Or from history, for that matter. History, after all, is always where we are.

NICK

You brought him across?

(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED:

39

LACROIX

Delightful conceit, isn't it? A "holy" man. Although he has proven to be somewhat more of a handful than I had anticipated. Quite mad I'm afraid. Not even a real monk.

(beat)

Quite headstrong. Rather like yourself. Though I trust it's not madness that makes you so.

NICK

You know why I resist you, Lacroix.

LACROIX

(a grin, then:)

You'd tell me we should all be "free". Unfortunately for you history teaches us that the human species gives itself readily to enslavement. It is a comfort to be told what to think, how to live... whom to make war against. Freedom... is the absence of individual thought.

He studies Rasputin's whammied expression, smiles to himself, then:

LACROIX (cont'd)

They're all under one form of control or another. The Czar under the Czarina, she under Rasputin, he under me.

NICK

And you under?

LACROIX

(a dark smirk)

I'll never tell.

He looks at Rasputin just as a small troop of soldiers enter the parlour. Their expressions are oddly blank... the effect of Lacroix's powerful control.

\*  
\*  
\*

LACROIX (cont'd)

(to Nick, re: Rasputin)

He's begun to resist me. He's forgotten the source of his power. Here I was willing to hand this peasant nation to him on a silver platter. But that wasn't good enough. Oh, well.

(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED:

39

A subtle nod to the guards, he moves away from Rasputin. The guards take aim and fire. Rasputin is jolted by the bullets, and slumps to his knees.

LACROIX

Throw him in the river.

The soldiers move toward Rasputin.

\*

NICK

That won't kill him.

LACROIX

No, but it will catalyse events.  
Revolution, you see, is all in the  
timing.

And with those dark words Lacroix whooshes out, leaving  
Nick... ON Nick, as we:

40 RESUME INT. CADDY - ON NICK

40

In thought, and we go to:

41 OMITTED

41

42 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

42

The home of Corporate Crime Division.

43 INT. CORPORATE CRIME DIVISION HQ - NIGHT

43

A dapper woman, CAPTAIN FORREST, leads Tracy through the  
smoothly humming office.

FORREST

You're going to get along with  
everyone here. Nothing but the cream  
of the crop. We have more Economics  
and Business Administration degrees in  
this one room than in most brokerage  
firms.

TRACY

Really.

FORREST

You should be very proud. Its not  
everyone who gets into our Forensic  
Accounting department.

(CONTINUED)



43 CONTINUED:

43

Tracy slows at this.

TRACY  
Forensic Accounting?

FORREST  
Well, yes.  
(off her look)  
You have to get your feet wet.

TRACY  
But... Captain Forrest... My last  
assignment was Homicide.

FORREST  
Oh, I know this is a big challenge.  
But I'm sure you're up to it.

Tracy fumes privately at this. They arrive at a cubicle, a  
partition separates it from the ones next to it.

FORREST (cont'd)  
And here is your new home. Welcome to  
Corporate Crime Division, Detective  
Vetter.

She looks it over... not exactly the royal treatment. It  
immediately strikes Tracy that she will not be able to see  
any of the other cops in their cubicles from her seat.  
Forrest beams as Tracy absorbs her new Hell... and we go to:

44 INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

44\*

An office appointed as any high-powered record company exec's  
would be. The place is in semi-darkness. ROSE WOOLCOTT, the  
woman who was on the video Christie was watching earlier,  
works at her desk. She startles as someone knocks on her  
office door. As far as she's concerned, no one should be  
here at this late hour.

ROSE  
Yes?

Silence. Somewhat alarmed, she rises... moves to the door.  
Listens at it.

ROSE (cont'd)  
I'm working late tonight. You can  
clean up in here in the morning.

Again... silence. Rose shakes her head, what the hell's  
going on? She reaches out, hesitates, then opens the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - UNKNOWN POV

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

44

ON ROSE as she opens the door.

From her reaction, she knows the person outside. She reacts, upset, then composes herself.

ROSE  
What are you doing here?  
(off the non-response)  
Oh, for goodness sake... come in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A gloved hand raises a revolver, silenced. The shots are carefully spaced, surprisingly quiet.

Rose goes down with the first shot, falls o.s.

The figure fires four more times.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Christie lowers the gun, looking blankly at the scene before her, then turns, walks o.s. And we:

DISSOLVE TO:

POSSIBLE BREAK FOR SYNDICATED STATIONS

45 INT. ROSE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

45\*

Crime scene. Rose's body on the floor. A couple of technicians are taking pictures. Nick is checking out some files on Rose's desk as Natalie washes her hands with a dri-wipe.

NATALIE  
What can I tell you? Five shots from a small calibre, probably a .32... sound familiar?

NICK  
Victim's name is Rose Woolcott, Christie Black's Business Manager.

NATALIE  
I detect a pattern.

NICK  
Time of death in the last 12 hours?

NATALIE  
Definitely.

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED:

45

NICK

That lets Matthew Neary off the hook.  
We had him locked up at the time.

NATALIE

So who does that leave you with?

ON NICK for his reaction; he doesn't really know... and go  
to:

\*  
\*  
\*

46 INT. CORPORATE CRIME DIVISION HQ - NIGHT

46

Tracy sits in her cubicle, unhappily logging on her computer  
as Rhonda Forrest approaches with a bundle of paper that she  
plonks on Tracy's desk.

FORREST

That's the Laurin file... he's an  
investment broker we suspect has been  
bilking his clients of tens of  
thousands of dollars.

TRACY

Oh. Okay.

Tracy can barely conceal her lack of enthusiasm.

FORREST

We need you to follow the various  
paper trails, see where they start and  
end.

TRACY

(trying to hide her sarcasm)  
Sounds exciting.

But Forrest hears the sarcasm in this.

FORREST

Look, I know it's tedious but it's  
what we do around here. My people  
keep their heads down, do exactly what  
I tell them to and get the job done.

\*

TRACY

That's fine.

FORREST

(an edge)  
And don't think I'm cutting you any  
slack because your father sits on the  
police commission.

(CONTINUED)



46 CONTINUED:

46

Tracy has not really had a problem with Forrest up until this little comment. It gets her dander up.

TRACY

I would hope not.

FORREST

Because around here we do things my way.

TRACY

(an edge)

You've already pointed that out, ma'am.

FORREST

Yeah, well you homicide cops have a reputation for being... independant.

TRACY

Don't worry ma'am, I would never dream of using my head in here.

Forrest shoots her a look.

FORREST

I'm just going to pretend this conversation never happened and that we got off to a good start, okay Vetter? There's the Laurin file, I want it completed by the end of business tomorrow.

Tracy looks at the size of the file and shakes her head. It's going to take forever. Forrest has a silent last laugh and exits.

Tracy sags. This is a big mistake.

47 INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN - NIGHT

47

Reese exits his office and moves to the front desk where Christie Black waits. She looks okay, but there is a subtle controlled aspect to her movements and speech.

REESE

Miss Black, how can I help you?

CHRISTIE

I want to see my brother. You're dropping the charges.

(CONTINUED)



47 CONTINUED:

47

REESE

Yes we are. And yes, you can see him. Normally we wouldn't but since you're his sister... Just leave your purse here if you don't mind. Officer?

He motions to a Uniform passing by near Christie. And we go to:

48 INT. INTERROGATION - NIGHT

48

The Officer escorts Christie in, stands to one side after closing the door. Neary rises, happy to see Christie.

MATTHEW

Chrissy, what are you doing here?

CHRISTIE

I've come to see you.

MATTHEW

On your own? No McGee?

CHRISTIE

No.

They embrace, he guides her to a seat.

MATTHEW

They're letting me go.

CHRISTIE

I know. That's good.

MATTHEW

Yeah. Look, about Mom...

She looks to him... and the blank expression changes... emotion begins to creep in to her face. And then she reaches out for him as she begins to cry. Matthew crouches beside her, puts an arm around her. She rests her head on his shoulder. And dissolves into a crying jag. Matthew look over to the Officer.

MATTHEW

I'm sorry, could you get her some water. Maybe some kleenex.

The Officer nods and exits, turns left as he moves o.s. Matthew hugs his sobbing sister.

(CONTINUED)



48 CONTINUED:

48

MATTHEW (o.s.)

Shhhh. Chrissy... it'll be okay.  
We'll be okay.

(beat)

Look, uh... how about we grab  
something to eat at my place? I want  
to talk to you about McGee.

He does not see that she has pulled a silenced gun out of her  
coat.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

I really think he's not doing the best  
things for you.

She is suddenly no longer sobbing. And that blank look has  
returned. ...She's been very well coached, indeed.

CHRISTIE

(evenly)

I don't care what you think. You want  
to hurt me.

Matthew has only an instant to register surprise at this  
remark, then she holds him tight with her free arm and puts  
the muzzle right up to his chest and pulls the trigger, five  
times.

She rises quickly, swings his body down into the chair,  
places his arms, folded, under his head which slumps down on  
the table. Then without another look to him, she's out the  
door, turning right and o.s.

HOLD ON Matthew... then we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

49 INT. PRECINCT INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

49

Crime scene. Natalie examines Matthew's body. Reese looks on, angry. Nick is with him.

REESE

How the hell something like this can happen in a police station is beyond me.

NICK

She had us all fooled.

REESE

Yeah, well that won't wash when this hits the fan upstairs. And the fact that she walked right out...

He shakes his head in disgust and bewilderment. Natalie moves to them.

NATALIE

Would you be surprised if I told you five shots, most likely a .32 caliber automatic with a silencer?

\*  
\*

NICK

The mother, the manager and now the brother...

(almost to himself)

What's going on inside her head?

\*

\*

50 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

50

51 INT. CORPORATE CRIME HQ - NIGHT

51

After hours. Tracy's alone, slogging through computer files. Onscreen we see that she is working her way through the corporate breakdown of C. BLACK MUSIC ENTERPRISES. She stops when she hears someone enter the room. She quickly exits the file as she hears footsteps approaching. It is Forrest.

\*

FORREST

Tracy, you still working on the Laurin file?

(CONTINUED)



51 CONTINUED:

51

TRACY

Uhh, yeah.

FORREST

Come up with anything?

She comes around to look at her screen, sees that it is blank. Forrst reacts, looks to Tracy for an explanation. An awkward pause, then Tracy comes to a decision.

\*  
\*

TRACY

Why don't we just cut the little game here, Captain. ...I'm not working on the Laurin file.

\*  
\*

FORREST

(contained anger)

I thought you had the smarts to take a look at the larger picture. We're talking about your career. It's not about the Laurin file or your homicide case... it's about you doing what you are supposed to do.

\*  
\*  
\*

TRACY

You mean me doing what you say I'm supposed to do.

FORREST

Same thing.

TRACY

No it's not. What I should be doing is trying to stop a killer.

With that she re-enters the "C. BLACK MUSIC ENTERPRISES" file. Forrest looks at her incredulously as the computer whistles and beeps.

\*

FORREST

What are you doing?

TRACY

I'm being insubordinate.

FORREST

Don't do this, Tracy.

TRACY

Stop me.

INSERT

On her computer screen we see: "C. BLACK MUSIC ENTERPRISES, IN TRUST"...and a litany of figures and sub-titles.

(CONTINUED)



51 CONTINUED:

51

BACK TO SCENE

Tracy goes through a few keystrokes, several different o.s. screens pop up on her computer screen.

Forrest grabs her hand, stops it from inputting on the keyboard. They glare at each other for a moment... then -

FORREST

You're making a big mistake.

TRACY

What are you going to do? Bust me back down to meter maid?

FORREST

I could.

TRACY

You won't. You're too busy trying to score brownie points with my father.

Touche. Forrest releases her grip on Tracy, says nothing. As Tracy turns back to her monitor, we go to:

\*  
\*

52 INT. CADDY - NIGHT

52\*

Nick drives, listening to:

\*

LACROIX (v.o.)

The thoughts of men are prized above all else. To control them, to create beliefs, to initiate behaviour in discordance with the needs of others... that is power.

INTERCUTTING WITH:

53 INT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

53

CLOSE ON Lacroix at the mic.

LACROIX (cont'd)

History is merely the diary of controlling interests. The powerful create the vision for the masses, the masses re-create it for themselves, and come to believe it. And close the trap behind them. Willingly. Gratefully.



53A EXT. MCGEE'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

53A\*

The Caddy pulls up behind Tracy's car. Tracy looks on from the driveway as Nick gets out of the Caddy, approaches her.

NICK

Good to see you. Thanks for the call.

TRACY

No problem.

NICK

Any sign of them?

TRACY

No.

NICK

I got the warrant. Let's go.

They head toward the house, during:

TRACY (cont'd)

According to the records I found, Christie had no motive to kill anyone. No one could get at her fortune unless Christie died.

NICK

And if she did?

TRACY

The money simply stayed in the corporation... to be controlled by Helen and Matthew Neary, Rose Woolcott and McGee.

NICK

Three down one to go.

TRACY

Yeah, but which one?

They stop at the door... Nick rings the door bell... Pause... He knocks... nothing. Tracy peers inside, sees no sign of movement. She and Nick exchange a look. She steps back, produces her gun. Nick tries the door. Locked. Then... with a very subtle application of vamp strength, he puts his shoulder into it and the door gives way...

Tracy gives him a look... "not bad"... They stand back as the door swings open. Nick produces his gun. They scan inside a moment, then enter.



54 INT. MCGEE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

54

As Nick and Tracy enter. The silence tells them no one's home...

\*  
\*

NICK  
Christie?... Dr. McGee?

No response. Nick closes the door behind them. They ease their guns back into their holsters as they move further into the room.

Nick looks around... The chaise, VCR and TV are all set up. There are the vials and hypos beside the chaise. Nick comes to stand by the setup. He starts to shuffle through the tapes.

NICK  
The first time we were here... wasn't she watching a video of Rose Woolcott?

Tracy reacts... hmm. He finds a cassette, turns on the VCR, and ejects the tape. He puts the cassette in, presses play. Pictures of Rose come up on the VCR. Nick stops the machine.

NICK  
There she is.

TRACY  
McGee said he uses the old videos in his therapy.

Nick puts another tape into the machine. Images of Matthew Neary appear. Nick looks at them, then looks around, finds the headset, turns on the amp, turns on the music, listens. It is pleasant, quiet music. Nick closes his eyes, vamphears the music on the videotape. Slowly, eerily, a voice becomes clear, under the music.

MCGEE (V.O.)  
... the person that you must shoot.  
You are strong, you can do it. It is  
just a dream, not real... Don't let  
anyone stop you.

Nick reacts to the voice, but can't tell Tracy about it for obvious reasons. He removes the headphones.

TRACY  
Anything?

NICK  
I'd like to get the tapes checked out.  
If I'm right, McGee's using them along  
with the drugs to program Christie.

(CONTINUED)



54 CONTINUED:

54

Beat. Tracy reacts... looks away... this is something she understands all too well. \*

TRACY

To control her.

NICK

And to make her kill. She probably doesn't even know she's doing it...

ON NICK, remembering, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. RUSSIAN PARLOUR ROOM - NIGHT

55

The Csar sits at a desk in deep thought. The door to the parlour opens and Rasputin appears, hair stringy and wet, robes sopping, beard scraggly. He is vamped and pissed. The Csar turns around, looks shocked to see Rasputin alive and vamped. Rasputin advances on him.

RASPUTIN

You cannot kill me. No one can.

NICHOLAS

(horrified)

What are you?

RASPUTIN

The man who will lead all the Russias.

He grabs the retreating Csar and prepares to sink his teeth when we hear a WHOOSH.

Nick has grabbed Rasputin and thrown him off the Csar who watches in amazement.

NICK

Leave and I'll allow you to live.

RASPUTIN

But we can destroy them all.

NICK

Listen, Grigory Yifimovich.

(beat)

You would bring a monarchy to its knees. Countless thousands may die in the upheaval. You will have power over nothing but a wasteland strewn with rotting flesh.

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

55

Nick has been keeping his distance during the above. Rasputin has listened, but hasn't heard. He grins at Nick's impassioned plea.

RASPUTIN

Do you think I am so naive? If I were to leave, you would simply take my place.

NICK

No.

RASPUTIN

You do not belong here, De Brabant. This is not your country. It is mine.

And he leaps. But Nick is prepared. He reveals a concealed stake and plunges into Rasputin's heart. Rasputin writhes there a moment, then is still.

Nicholas watches in fascination.

NICHOLAS

You are like him?

NICK

It is a long story, Nicholas...

Nicholas steps back, raises a gun. He is afraid. Nick stops, saddened, a friend lost forever.

NICK (cont'd)

... one that I am afraid I will never be able to tell you...

(beat)

Alexi should recover, now, Highness... I wish you and your family well... my old friend.

NICHOLAS

I thank you for what you have done... But go now. Please. Do not return.

They hold each other's look a moment, then Nick turns, vanishes into the darkness. Nicholas stares after him, the gun still up. And we:

56 RESUME WITH NICK AND TRACY

56

Nick suddenly has a horrible thought. He tosses the headset aside, tears the Matthew Neary tape out the cassette, jams in the one that was in it when he turned it on. Pictures of Christie come on screen.

(CONTINUED)



56 CONTINUED:

56

Christie, in happier days, down by the lake... near Pier Five, perhaps, cavorting...

\*

NICK

Pier Five...

\*

Then another person moves into frame, playfully, grabs her and swings her, etc. Nick freezes the tape.

TRACY (cont'd)

I've seen his face before... That's Gary Wilton.

NICK

The boyfriend who committed suicide?

TRACY

(nods, then:)

Nick... if McGee's programming makes Christie kill whoever's on the tapes he makes her watch...

NICK

...she's going to kill herself...

They exchange a look, react to... CLICK... They turn as the front door opens, and McGee enters... stops at the sight of Nick and Tracy.

MCGEE

What the hell are you doing here?

NICK

We have a warrant, Dr. McGee. But I'm thinking maybe we should add your name to it. How does conspiracy to commit murder sound?

McGee looks like he's about to bolt, Tracy pulls her gun and aims it at him.

TRACY

Don't even think about it.

(CONTINUED)



56 CONTINUED:

56

NICK

Where's Christie, Doctor? You know  
where she's gone and what she's going  
to do.

MCGEE

I don't have to say anything.

A thought occurs to Nick. He moves past McGee, calls back to  
Tracy, during:

NICK

(to Tracy)  
Cuff him.

TRACY

Where are you going?

NICK

Gary Wilton killed himself at Pier  
Five.

\*

And he's out the door, and:

57 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

57

The Caddy pulls into a darkened section of an adjoining  
street. Nick leaps out, looks around, then LAUNCHES.

58 EXT. VAMPCAM POV OF THE CITY - NIGHT (STOCK)

58

The usual swooping thing.

INTERCUTTING WITH:

59 EXT. PIER FIVE - NIGHT

59\*

Christie walks slowly to the water's edge, looks back toward  
the downtown core in the distance. She's in a world of her  
own. The area is deserted.

ON HER HAND... and the gun she's holding... the .32. PAN UP  
to her face, as her blank expression gives way to emotion...  
something deep inside her... pain. We HEAR McGee's  
subliminal message as it replays in her head.

MCGEE (v.o.)

This is the person that you must  
shoot. You are strong, you can do it.  
It is just a dream, not real... Don't  
let anyone stop you.

(CONTINUED)



59 CONTINUED:

59

She puts a hand to her face, fights back sobs... and then her expression returns to killing mode; the same expression we saw just before she killed Rose and Matthew. It's time. The muzzle approaches her head.

WHOOSH. She turns. Nick has landed near her, stands, looking at her.

NICK

Christie...

CHRISTIE

... no... go away... you can't stop me... I can't let you stop me...

Nick takes a step toward her. The gun swings around to cover him.

NICK

Christie, stop...

Christie shoots. The bullet slams into Nick's chest. He takes a step back, then straightens up.

NICK

Listen to me...

CHRISTIE

I have to shoot her...

NICK

No you don't...

CHRISTIE

... I have to...

He takes a step toward her, and she swings the gun up again and in one motion pulls the trigger and we go into.

SUPER SLO MO

Close on her finger on the trigger as she squeezes it.

NICK WHOOSHES O.S. - we HEAR the gun FIRE, and:

\*

ANOTHER ANGLE - REGULAR ACTION

Nick has grabbed the gun as it fired - the shot has gone harmlessly into the air. He's got a grip on her arm, turns her to him; applies the whammy.

As Nick and Christie go down in a heap. But she still has only one objective in her mind... to kill herself. She struggles with Nick to aim the gun at herself, but now he has time to apply the whammy.

(CONTINUED)



59 CONTINUED:

59

NICK

Christie... listen to me... listen  
only to me... You can rest... you can  
forget all the pain, for now...

She's fighting it. The chemical whammy she's under is a  
strong one. Nick has a lot to overcome.

CHRISTIE

...No...

NICK

... you don't have to kill her... it's  
not what you want. It's what McGee  
wants. Think, Christie. He's been  
controlling you. You know that.  
You don't have to die...

CHRISTIE

... I don't have to...

Christie's hand starts to sag, the immense weight of the gun  
dragging it down. And she cracks completely, her mouth opens  
in a silent scream, the sheer horror of what she's done, and  
what's been done to her bombard her mind.

Nick scoops up the gun, and helps her up. He embraces her  
Her contorted face stares out, and we:

\*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT

TAG

FADE IN:

60 INT. CORPORATE CRIME - NIGHT

60

Tracy is clearing out her desk as Forrest approaches.

FORREST

You know you may have ruined any  
chance you had for advancement.

TRACY

That's fine with me.

FORREST

What is it with you? Do you just  
naturally rebel against all authority?

TRACY

Believe me, I've never done anything  
like this before. But it feels  
right. You should try it one day.  
It may not be good for your career,  
but its good for you.

\*  
\*

Forrest reflects on this a moment, Tracy has a point. She  
softens her attitude somewhat.

FORREST

So where do you go now?

TRACY

I hope that Joe Reese takes me back.

Forrest nods and we go to:

\*  
\*

61 INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

61

Reese talks to Nick as Tracy enters.

REESE

Well well well, look who's back.  
(off her smile)  
So... have that conversation with your  
father yet?

TRACY

(darkens)  
Ahh, no... that's still to come.

NICK

I'd like to hear that myself.

(CONTINUED)



61 CONTINUED:

61

She gives him a look, then.

TRACY

So what's happening with Christie Black?

NICK

Not good. But not hopeless. She's got a lot to recover from. Fortunately, she remembers what McGee did to her. She's agreed to testify.

TRACY

McGee's got the best lawyers.

NICK

The tapes will hang him.

TRACY

(beat)

Yeah.

She's interrupted by, what else, the RING of her cellphone.

TRACY

Uh oh.

NICK

(a smile)

Even sounds like his ring.

With a look of dread she answers.

TRACY

Vetter... Dad... how are you?

(beat as she listens)

Dad... Yeah, I know. We do have to talk...

As Nick and reese exchange a look, we:

FADE OUT

THE END